



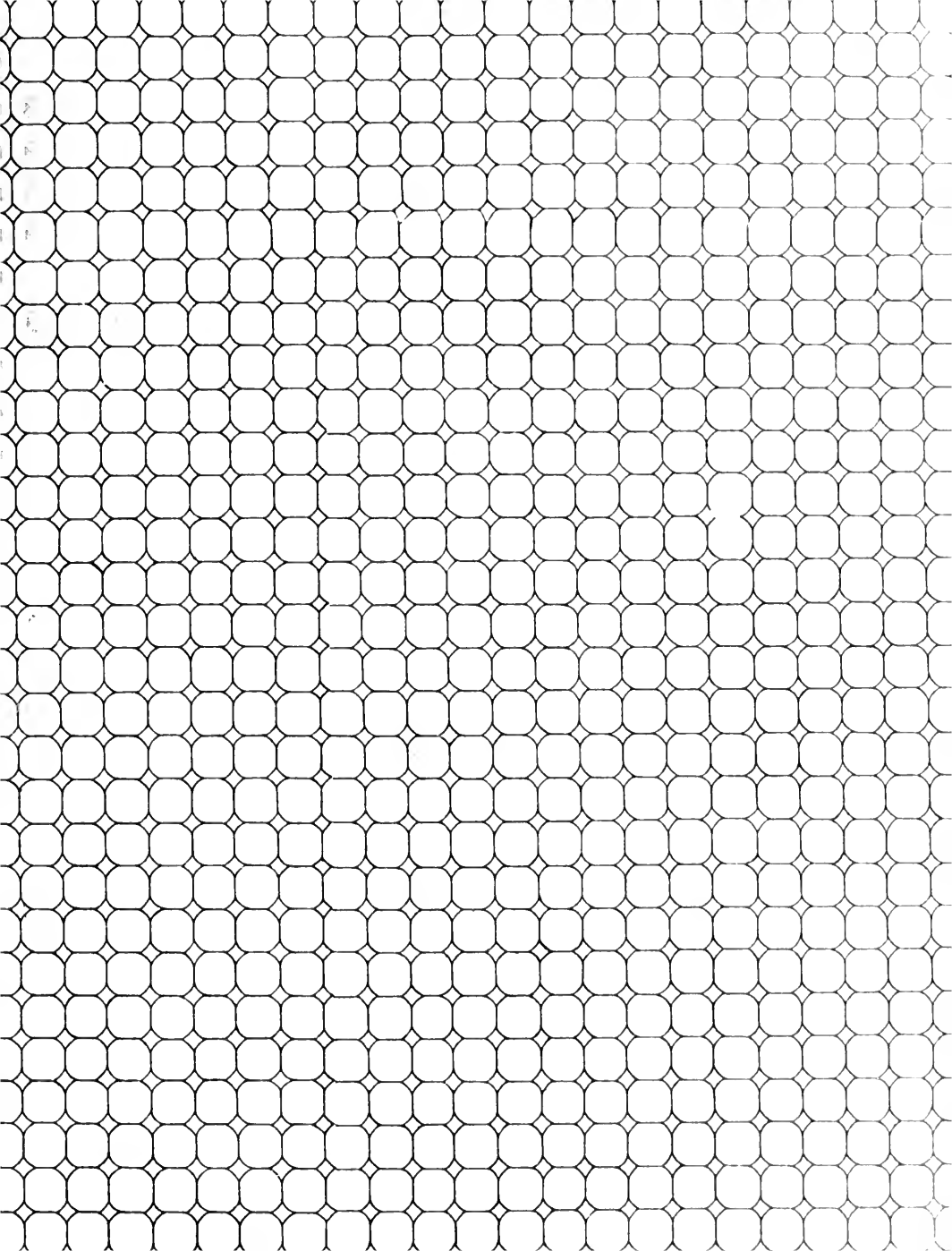
CHARLES PRATT



Class \_\_\_\_\_

Book \_\_\_\_\_

PRESENTED BY \_\_\_\_\_





















Chas. Pratt



IN MEMORIAM

CHARLES PRATT

1830-1891

THE GIVING WHICH COUNTS IS THE  
GIVING OF ONE'S SELF

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1891



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The funeral of Charles Pratt took place at his late residence, No. 232 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn, on Thursday morning, May 7, 1891, at eleven o'clock.

The service was conducted by the Rev. John Humpstone, D. D., assisted by the Rev. Albert S. Hunt, D. D., as follows.

## THE LORD'S PRAYER.

(Repeated in unison.)

Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory. Amen.



## INVOCATION.

(By the Rev. John Humpstone, D. D.)

Unto thee still, O Lord, will we lift up our hearts. We ask thy blessing upon this service of remembrance and affection, in the spirit of the prayer taught us by thy Son. May the Holy Spirit be granted to us at this time. May we be lifted out of our grief and bereavement into the realm of thanksgiving and praise for thy goodness and grace to us in the Gospel of thy Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord, in whom he trusted. We thank thee for all that grace has wrought in his life, and we thank thee

for the words of comfort that come to us now out of thy Holy Word, upon his death. O may the Holy Spirit take of the things of Christ, the Resurrection and the Life, and show them unto us this day. Bless every word spoken now to the consoling of the hearts of these who are so bereaved by his removal from this dear circle of which he was the center and the sun. The Lord comfort them this day, and open their hearts to the message and the consolation of thy Gospel. And to every one of us, from this service, by the blessing of thy Holy Spirit, may there come impulse for nobler life, and new determination to follow Christ, to the praise and glory of his name. Amen.

## HYMN.

Jesus ! lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While the billows near me roll,  
While the tempest still is high ;  
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,  
Till the storm of life is past ;  
Safe into the haven guide ;  
Oh, receive my soul at last !

Other refuge have I none ;  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;  
Leave, ah ! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.

All my trust on thee is stayed ;  
All my help from thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,—  
Grace to pardon all my sin ;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within ;  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of thee ;  
Spring thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

## SELECTIONS FROM SCRIPTURE.

(Read by the Rev. Albert S. Hunt, D. D.)

But desire earnestly the greater gifts.  
And a still more excellent way shew I  
unto you.

If I speak with the tongues of men and  
of angels, but have not love, I am become  
sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal. And  
if I have the gift of prophecy, and know all  
mysteries and all knowledge; and if I have  
all faith, so as to remove mountains, but  
have not love, I am nothing. And if I be-  
stow all my goods to feed the poor, and if  
I give my body to be burned, but have not

love, it profiteth me nothing. Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall be done away; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall be done away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part: but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child: now that I am

become a man, I have put away childish things. For now we see in a mirror, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I have been known. But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. If there is a natural body, there is also a spiritual body. So also it is written,

The first man Adam became a living soul. The last Adam became a life-giving spirit. Howbeit that is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; then that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is of heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I tell you a mystery: we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and



the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. But when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting? The sting of death is sin; and the power of sin is the law: but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Wherefore, my beloved brethren, be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not vain in the Lord.

After these things I saw, and behold, a

great multitude, which no man could number, out of every nation, and of all tribes and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne and before the Lamb, arrayed in white robes, and palms in their hands; and they cry with a great voice, saying, Salvation unto our God which sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb. And all the angels were standing round about the throne, and about the elders and the four living creatures; and they fell before the throne on their faces, and worshiped God, saying, Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God forever and ever. Amen. And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, These which are arrayed in the white robes, who are they,

and whence came they? And I said unto him, My Lord, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which come out of the great tribulation, and they washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God; and they serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall spread his tabernacle over them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun strike upon them, nor any heat: for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall be their shepherd, and shall guide them unto fountains of waters of life: and God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes.

## HYMN.

Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

Just as I am — thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve ;  
Because thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

Just as I am — thy love unknown  
Hath broken every barrier down ;  
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

## ADDRESS.

(By the Rev. John Humpstone, D. D.)

Never has it seemed more difficult to speak. As yet silence appears to be the only wisdom. The shock of this bereavement was so sudden, the sense of private and public loss is so acute, sorrow is so deeply stirred, that with the psalmist we are “dumb with silence.” Many of us, since Monday night, have “held our peace even from good.” Our musing hearts have been able, so far, to kindle only the flame of prayer: “Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days what it is, that

I may know how frail I am." It will be long before we can so accustom ourselves to his absence as to speak of him unmoved by feelings that words can only "half reveal."

His removal from us, however, has begun already to make manifest his true proportions. Even those who were nearest to him, and knew him best, only now begin to see how lofty has been the unwavering purpose of his life, how sagacious and practical his methods, how thoroughly unselfish and humble his spirit. Not that we did not recognize these qualities in him from day to day; but that now they are seen, in the unity and perspective of his finished life, to have been even larger and nobler than we supposed.

One who knew and appreciated him described him playfully, on an occasion when

he was the guest whom his fellow-citizens had met to honor, as "the modest little man." Modest he ever was. His stature was such as to give point to the remark; but he could never have been called little in any other respect. Neither his fortune nor his philanthropy was due to accident. Each was the fruit of his nature and the child of his purpose. This characteristically American career, which began in a lowly home, achieved its first triumphs by the slow and toilsome processes of industry, honesty, frugality, and self-denial. When its larger opportunities came, the man had so disciplined himself that he knew how to make the most of them. He could master a situation, because he had first mastered himself.

His life, from first to last, was the fruit after its kind of that New England Puritan spirit which has truth for its staple and righteousness for its practical aim,—the spirit which achieves by the energy of an unconquerable purpose. Throughout his career there is evidence of mental power; the power to plan large enterprises and to provide for their execution. He could measure men, and knew how to use them. He did nothing without thought. Reflection was the habit of his life. In consequence, watchful friends have been able to trace his intellectual growth, and especially in these later years. He was an educated man, in distinction from a scholar; and he had been for the most part his own teacher. Some of the forms of culture he may have lacked,



because of his early disadvantages; but if education's best result is to give "a despotic control of one's intellectual faculties" for practical ends, then he was an educated man.

Intelligence, in him, was ever tending to work itself out as wisdom. He was shrewd, far-sighted, prudent. The spirit of the Hebrew wisdom pervaded his thoughts. The book of Proverbs was his delight. In other than sacred literature it was the homely, practical, every-day philosophy, that embodies itself in maxims, upon which he liked to linger. His own style of expression was often pithy, pointed, proverbial. He could pack a pound of meaning into an inch of space, if the subject was one upon which he had thought much.

He missed the defect of this quality so

far as a fallible man can hope to escape the extremes of his tendencies. He was scrupulous as well as shrewd. Honesty was not his policy; it was his principle. His conscience reigned supreme in his life. When he thought he had discovered what he ought to do, he was restless until he had done it, and regardless of consequences to himself, or of criticism from others, when he had acted. Not that he was insensible to criticism. In his address at the last "Founder's Day" celebration of the Institute, he said, addressing his sons and co-trustees: "The world will overestimate your ability, and will underestimate the value of your work; will be exacting of every promise made or implied; will be critical of your failings; will often misjudge your motives and hold

you to strict account for all your doings.” The words reflect, undoubtedly, something of his own suffering occasioned by false judgment. But he never wavered under such criticism. He dared to face men when he was acting in the fear of God. One who is a judge of character, an educator who has known him well, has said of him since his death, “He was a just man.” All who knew Charles Pratt knew this to be true. If he has done any one a wrong, it was a wrong he did not intend. It was impossible to him to calculate mischief or disadvantage for his fellows. He may not have seen the whole sphere of duty and opportunity ; but duty was, nevertheless, his one watchword ; to do what he ought for God and fellow-man his only aim.

I have said of him before that he was a true son of Puritan New England. I must say of him, further, that his rigorous sense of right was made beautiful by some of the gifts and graces of the spirit to which the Puritans were strangers. His was a cheerful life. He was a friend of children. He had to the last a child's spirit and playfulness. There was a deep well-spring of tenderness within him. Tears were often in his eyes. No noble ideal of life or feeling was ever presented to him but that the flashing response of his face revealed the man. He was the brother of his own children. His home was to him the fairest spot on the earth. He filled it with sunshine. Outside of his business, his church, and his philanthropy, it was his only sphere. He

needed neither club nor playhouse to afford him rest; his home sufficed. For those who use such diversions he had no criticism. In these matters he was neither narrow nor ascetic. Horace Bushnell's phrase describes his feeling: He was "free to use amusements; too free to want them." A delightful freedom characterized his home life. He made it a place of nurture, but without undue constraint. Its center was the altar of prayer. Simple in his tastes, he lived an economical life; but his economy was of that thoughtful order which is far removed from parsimony. John Ruskin has described it: "Economy means the wise management of labor; and means it mainly in these three senses: namely, first, applying your labor rationally; second, preserving its produce

carefully; lastly, distributing its produce seasonably." He was temperate in all things save in his devotion to his self-appointed tasks. He died in his office. I am not sure that he would have wished to die elsewhere. He never spared himself. He lived industriously because he believed that only thus could he live righteously. He spent himself so constantly because this was the only salvation in which he believed: a salvation purchased by sacrifice and manifested in self-surrender.

And so I am brought to say that the main-spring of his life was Jesus Christ. How often some of us have heard him confess that this was the case. Do not think that I have been blind in what I have said, either to his weaknesses or his faults. He had both.

No one was more conscious of them than himself. He was humble. His dependence was upon his Saviour. It was the wish of those to whom he was most dear that the hymn we have just heard should be sung at his funeral.

Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come,

exactly expressed his religious faith and hope. His Christian faith colored all he did. It was the motive within and behind his beneficence. It was the constraining power which compelled his unstinted consecration of himself. It was the prevailing idea in his scheme of education. He saw in Jesus Christ a man as well as a divine

Saviour—a perfect man, in whom character was regnant, but a man who preferred to be a toiler ; a man who had learned a trade ; a man who taught other men, as the life of God flowed through him, how sacred was every range of human life and activity, how blessed, everywhere, was obedience. Mr. Pratt sought, therefore, to bring others into fellowship with the man Christ Jesus. He would have them taught to toil, and to find in work the blessedness of life and its satisfaction ; in the home, its most sacred sphere. It was to this end he built the Institute and endowed it. It was largely the child of his own brain. It is the result of a masterful process of synthesis, after a long season of critical and persevering study of the problems involved, and the attempts hitherto



made toward their solution. Its immediate and phenomenal success is the proof of his intelligence and sagacity. Its future usefulness will be his abiding and sufficient memorial.

Breadth was characteristic of him in his views both of education and of religion. Though he was the special friend of manual training, the prosperity of the Adelphi Academy, in part due to his liberality and watch-care, is a proof that he esteemed, also, the literary and classical methods in education. The proof is strengthened by his gifts to the University of Rochester and to Amherst College. His gift to the Rochester Seminary is evidence that his interest included theological as well as secular culture. True to the beliefs and to the order

of that branch of the Church of Christ to which he belonged, he was a broad and catholic Christian. Liberal as he was to the enterprises of his own church and denomination, no money was ever given by him, nor any word ever spoken, for a merely sectarian purpose. Of his fidelity in every religious duty, of his unfailing kindness and fatherly regard for his pastor, I bear witness with a heavy heart — heavy both with gratitude and grief.

Forgive me, if too long and too minutely I have dwelt upon the character of my friend. I speak that which I know, and testify to what I have seen. Such a life is so full of holy and helpful lessons as to deserve analysis. It is a precious heritage to his family, to the church, to this city, and to the world at large. Our loss for the mo-

ment seems immeasurable. But God makes no mistakes. "He buries his workmen; but he carries on his work." Nor does he forget to reward the workers. Listen to the Apostle John, as he describes what he heard on Patmos: "I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." Surely, as Charles Pratt's works bear fruit in the life to come, his share in the joy of his Lord will be large indeed. Till then, let us bid him "Good-by." We sorrow not, as those who are without hope. In his Saviour let us find our consolation; in his character, our example. If we follow him as he followed Christ, we shall meet again, at last, in heaven.

## PRAYER.

(By the Rev. A. S. Hunt, D. D.)

O God, our heavenly Father, most merciful and infinitely wise, we lift our heavy hearts to thee, rejoicing in the faith that thou knowest us better even than we know ourselves, and that the sorrows which burden us to-day are all known to thee. Thou lovest us with an unmeasured love, and this our trial has been appointed for us by unfailing wisdom and by boundless affection. We bow our heads and worship thee. We kiss the rod, for thou art our Father, our everlasting Father. Now command thy

favor upon us, as we meet in this home, so dear to our departed friend. While we have been speaking of his character and his career, we have blessed thee, from full hearts, for his rich endowments and acquirements; above all, for the simple faith thou didst enable him to exercise in the merit and mercy of Jesus Christ.

O Lord, we beseech thee, give us grace to acknowledge thee, in all the gifts which have been bestowed upon us. And especially may our hearts go out with gratitude to thee to-day that thou didst give to the world, and to the Church, and to this home this large-hearted, wise, earnest man. We bless thee for thy gift to us. Our lives are better than they would have been without him. He has made his impress on all

who have been brought near to him, and in his simple, unostentatious, far-reaching charities thine own love has always been made manifest.

So we worship thee to-day, and give thee thanks that while we tarry at thy feet, we may look beyond this life, with all its pleasant things, with all the blessings thou hast bestowed upon us. May we believe in a life better than this, and by faith follow our brother behind the veil. We can and do believe there is a life beyond this, and that in the midst of even larger opportunities his consecrated energies will find full play. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, for the Christian faith.

And now, may we have thy blessing as

we go from this place. This city is bereaved. Many a community, beyond this city where he dwelt, is bereaved to-day. There are burdened hearts in many a home; there are great institutions which are saying, "How can we move on without his wisdom and his discretion?" But we know that thou wilt give us grace, if we earnestly seek it, to lay hold on thine own wisdom. Thy work will yet go on. And though he passes from our sight, and we receive no more the warm greeting we ever received from him, yet he will live in our hearts; his example will touch the heart of many a young man; it will lead not a few of his associates to a better consecration. We are to-day drawn out toward thee in earnest prayer that thou wilt make us all better men and better women

because we come to this house of mourning. We do solemnly, here and now, consecrate ourselves once more to thee, and pray that, in so far as any of us may be able, we may strive to promote the large-hearted enterprises which have had his broad Christian sympathies and generous contributions.

O Lord, bless these various institutions with which he was identified. Bless the church which will miss him so greatly. Hear us while, with full hearts, we commend to thee these whom he loved so tenderly, and who, from day to day, as the weeks move on, will feel that they are ever under the shadow of a great bereavement. Come, O our Father, and dwell in this home, thou God of all comfort, who hast revealed thyself as willing to comfort us in



our tribulation. Throw round about these bruised and burdened ones to-day the strong arm of thy love, and grant that evermore these, to whom he gave the full measure of his affection, may walk in the pathway of Christian duty, and come at length to receive his welcome in the world above. Bless all his kindred, whether here or absent, and command thy favor upon all hearts that are bereaved by this providence. Hear us, O Lord, we beseech thee, command thy favor on us, forgive our sins, abide with us, and when our work is done upon the earth, bring us to the untold bliss of the life beyond ; through Jesus Christ, our Mediator and Redeemer. Amen.

## HYMN.

Abide with me ; fast falls the eventide :  
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me  
abide ;  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass  
away ;  
Change and decay in all around I see ;  
O thou who changest not, abide with me !

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to  
the skies ;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain  
shadows flee ;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me !



# EXTRACT FROM SERMON

PREACHED IN THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY  
TRINITY, BROOKLYN HEIGHTS,  
MAY 10, 1891.



## EXTRACT FROM SERMON.

(By the Rev. Charles H. Hall, D. D.)

A profound conviction underlies all of what are called our labor troubles, the currents of all dissatisfactions of working men and women. It is travestied by socialists and communists, who are the froth of our busy life. It pierces our sensibilities when we hear of the woman, who sews and moans;

Still with a voice of dolorous pitch—

Would that its tone could reach the rich!—

As she sings the “Song of the Shirt.”

It is a ghost that will not down at any bidding of passion, pride, or avarice. In good ways, if it can; in bad ways, if it must,

it will make itself felt. It is heard deeper than party questions of tariffs and pensions, or freedom of worship bills, or Australian ballots. It tempts the working-classes to indifference of the Old World scriptures and creeds, if they must be interpreted to sustain the Old World privileges and abuses. It whispers in the closet—it minces in the parlors—it is racy in the chat of the street—it growls in the angry assemblies of fanatics and moans in the garrets of the poor. Its complaint is, “We are men and women and God’s creatures. God’s Spirit is in work, but we cannot see it in ours. He bids us work six days, that on one we may rest and rejoice—but we can do neither. We ask not alms—we ask justice and sympathy—consideration and what makes life worth



living—and it is God's decree that we must have it.”

I am voicing only the cries that rise up about us. I am not offering a theory. Thank God, I can offer instead the better argument of a life. It is a life singularly raised up among us, in which the wisdom of the hour shines out. It was begun in such circumstances that it illustrated all that the working-man can feel, and think, and claim; continued to wealth which gave it the knowledge of all that besets the rich with temptations to ease, and pride, and selfishness; and then so poised between humility and business abilities that both rich and poor can appreciate and honor it. It has been seen as then using all its gifts and experiences to bring together all classes, the rich to love it

for its simplicity, the poor to respect it by its sound sense. It is a life as truly fitted for this community as was that of Bezaleel for his times. Let us keep it before us and improve on it, if we can.

We all feel more or less acutely that we are turning all of us to the good or evil side in the struggle of life ; to those rich who feel resentment at being held responsible for their success as a fault, and to those poor who are angry at the divisions of society as a crime against themselves. Yet we all still feel that this misunderstanding must not go on ; that we are brethren, that we hang by each other, and can prosper only as we consult and practise our mutual duties.

Now the pulpit is not the place—or I, at

least, am not the philosopher—for profound theories of social progress. The best of theories is that of the ancient molder and metallurgist, Bezaleel, to build a tabernacle, not to discourse of how it ought to be done. A woman is moved with pity at some score of old negroes in the extremity of destitution; she has no theory of public administration, so she sets to work to help them. A man, practical to a degree, ponders these open questions, and he simply sets to work to solve them in his own way. Is it not right, without our asking what he concluded about the acts of the Council of Nice, to go back of it and say of him, "I have called him by name and I have filled him with the Spirit of God in wisdom and understanding, to teach others all manner of workmanship"?

You, of course, know the man. He has planted in our city the finest of all arguments on social questions—the example of wisdom, understanding, and knowledge in all manner of workmanship. He has used his wealth with a benevolence which rose up in a modest, experienced life, a life of sound labor, of working his own way through early straitness, which shows us that he knew thoroughly what is in the hearts of thousands of boys and girls who have received his help, honorable help, as safely received as it was cheerfully given,—the help to such as he had been. His grace of beneficence was on the increase. He meant greater things, and had thought out his whole plan to cover the great problem of how to make a worthy citizen. While others seek Europe

to kneel in churches or search museums, his travel led him thither to examine every institution which might give him another or better idea of how to increase the efficiency of his own institution. My admiration of him was first excited by his thorough common sense,—you see it in every part of the building he has made, from the brick wall, which speaks, to the library and lecture-room, to the plumber's room and the foundry.

I admired him next, affectionately (for it is a gift that moves us more than eloquence), for his unfeigned humility. He had that great gift of so intently looking at the point he steered for as to forget himself. He was a child in self-consciousness, and reminded us of St. Paul's words: "In malice be children, but in understanding be men." He

seemed to himself to be doing just and only what it was given him to do, and it is always true that the man of a vital idea always knows that he is and must be smaller than his idea. "I am nothing," said Paul; and again, "Through Christ strengthening me I can do all things." I am not, however, uttering a set eulogy. He has left a monument among us, and one that, like the statue of Memnon, will often be vocal as the sun rises on it. We felt a shock at his untimely taking off. But is it untimely? That night in old times when the few poor people laid the bruised corpse of Stephen in the grave, they wondered at the strange allowance of Providence. But the young man at whose feet the witnesses had laid their clothes would never have been the Paul he was, but

for the long penitence over the deed which bade him years afterward say, "I am the chief of sinners." God is rich enough to spare any of us. Brooklyn holds forth this Pharos, and will keep it lighted for all men to see, the dignity of labor—its call for sympathy—the Spirit of God that filled Bezael and Aholiab yet working among us in "all manner of workmanship."

It was a surprise to the citizens of Brooklyn to see a huge building finished and furnished in our midst, that has since given a practical education to thousands of our youth. But I reverence this man as having had the sagacity—I will not call it so—the inspiration from a higher source, to see the demands of a loftier charity and love for the common brotherhood, which shall bring into

one the hard hands and the soft. It is a practical gospel to us all—to the rich to remember that no wealth can shine or endure like that which has blessed our brethren; to the poor to tell them that labor may be made beautiful and honorable.

In the circle of our high schools and public schools, the Pratt Institute holds, as it were, the key to the arch. As the years go by, it will not only keep his memory fragrant, but, as he wished it to do, it will carry on a perpetual message to all men, rich and poor, of the common sympathy which can cement the nation into one enduring fellowship. It is a new commentary on the text, explaining how your wealth can be secured from the moth and rust, and laid up in God's own treasury of perpetual benediction.



## THE MEMORIAL SERVICE.

(MINUTE OF THE ACTION OF EMMANUEL  
BAPTIST CHURCH IN BROOKLYN, TAKEN WED-  
NESDAY EVENING, MAY 6, 1891.)

*Voted*, That in view of the high character and the eminent public usefulness of our late associate, Charles Pratt, Brethren Robert J. Kimball, William H. Perry, John A. Greene, William M. Hastings, Francis W. White, and Alfred C. Bedford be appointed to arrange, in consultation with the family, for a Memorial Service, to be held in our house of worship, on the afternoon of Sunday, the seventeenth instant, at three o'clock.

The service was held accordingly.

## DOXOLOGY.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## INVOCATION.

(By the Rev. A. S. Hunt, D. D., Trustee of the  
Adelphi Academy.)

O God, our heavenly Father, without thee we cannot please thee. We pray thee, therefore, to pour down upon us the abundance of thy grace, and help us at this hour to open our hearts to thee, while we consider the character and the career of our friend whom thou didst give us and hast taken from us. Do thou help us that we may love thee more, and learn to love our neighbor better. Command thy favor upon all the institutions and enterprises he loved

and fostered. Bless, with thy richest blessing, those whom he loved best. Forgive our sins. Give us grace for all our duty and all our trial, and bring us finally to thyself. We ask all through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ. Amen.

## HYMN.

It is not death to die—

To leave this weary road,  
And 'mid the brotherhood on high,  
To be at home with God.

It is not death to close

The eye long dimmed by tears,  
And wake in glorious repose  
To spend eternal years.

It is not death to bear

The wrench that sets us free  
From dungeon chain,—to breathe  
the air  
Of boundless liberty.

It is not death to fling  
    Aside this sinful dust,  
And rise, on strong exulting wing,  
    To live among the just.

Jesus, thou Prince of life!  
    Thy chosen cannot die;  
Like thee, they conquer in the strife  
    To reign with thee on high.

## RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE LESSON.

(By the Rev. Thomas B. McLeod, D. D., Clinton Avenue  
Congregational Church.)

Blessed be the God and Father of our  
Lord Jesus Christ, which hath begotten us  
again unto a living hope by the resurrection  
of Jesus Christ from the dead,

To an inheritance incorruptible, and un-  
defiled, and that fadeth not away,

Reserved in heaven for you, who are kept  
by the power of God through faith unto  
salvation

Ready to be revealed in the last time.

Wherein ye greatly rejoyce, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold trials :

That the trial of your faith might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.

And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth :

Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors ; and their works do follow them.

These are they which came out of great tribulation,

And have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple :



And he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ;

Neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them,

And shall lead them unto living fountains of waters :

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

And God himself shall be with them and be their God.

They shall see his face and his name shall be in their foreheads.

Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life.

And may enter in through the gates into the city.

There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth,

But they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

I Jesus have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things in the churches.

And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come, and let him that heareth say, Come.

And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly ;

Amen. Even so come, Lord Jesus.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.

## GLORIA PATRI.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son,  
and to the Holy Ghost: as it was in the  
beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world  
without end. Amen.

## PRAYER.

(By the Rev. Charles R. Baker, D. D., Church of the Messiah.)

Almighty and most merciful Father, thou hast told us in thy Holy Word that thou dost not unfeelingly smite or afflict the children of men. Thou art a God whose property is always to love, and all thy dealings with us have an holy purpose of love. When thou smitest us, thou art really coming to us to caress us. When thou dost take away and disappoint, thou art really coming to us with thine arms full of greater and richer blessings. When thou callest out of our sight those who are dear unto us,

thou art taking them to the God-home, to those heavenly mansions where the souls of those who sleep in the Lord Jesus awake to perpetual peace and felicity. Our own experiences join with thy Holy Word to inform our ignorance and to assure us, so that we know that no evil can come to us if thou art with us. There is no dark place which thy love cannot illumine; there is no bitter draught which thy fellowship cannot make sweet. There is no death where thou art. Where thou art, only is life. Because thou livest, therefore those who live with thee shall live eternally. We pray thee, therefore, O Father, that thou wilt grant us thy grace, that thou wilt help us to die unto sin and to live unto righteousness, that, when we shall depart this life, we may rest

in Christ, and that at the general resurrection in the last day we may be found acceptable in thy sight, and receive that blessing which thy well-beloved Son shall then pronounce to all who love and fear thee, saying, “Come, ye blessed children of my Father, receive the kingdom prepared for you from the beginning of the world.” Grant this, we beseech thee, O merciful Father, through Jesus Christ, our Mediator and Redeemer. Amen.

## ANTHEM.

The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, and their departure was taken for misery. But they are at peace, and there shall no torment touch them. There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

## THE MAN OF BUSINESS.

(By James McGee, Esq., New-York.)

If the topic assigned to me — The Business Man — were an abstract proposition, it would be easy, with a few questions, to start a train of thought that would be interesting and possibly profitable. Does business life demand or tend to develop any different phases of character from that of a professional life or the life of an artisan? If so, in what direction? What are the advantages to be secured by entering upon a mercantile life? What are the peculiar perils, as compared with other pursuits? If



we could freely discuss these questions, the answers doubtless would be varied and instructive.

This much may be said. If properly appreciated, a business life should broaden a man in every direction. His contact with men will give him an insight into human nature. The fields of commerce will lead to a study of the resources of the earth. Science will be invoked to utilize these resources and apply them to the needs of mankind. And his own success or failure will give him sympathy with those who are laboring beside him. Thus, if properly appreciated, business will educate both head and heart.

It is not, however, the abstract, but the concrete, that is to engage our attention.

We are to look upon an object-lesson, and in considering it we shall see how business affected this one life, and how this life affected business.

What qualities, then, did Mr. Pratt bring to business? First of all, a love for work. Set him a task, give him something to do, and he was contented. Hence, he desired to see every one about him at work, and he endeavored to find work for others. This was the spirit of his Institute, to set a man to work, to find occupation for head and hands; and he contemplated with great satisfaction the fact that even one person had learned to earn a living through this instrumentality.

He brought to business a cheerful disposition. He was full of sunshine and good

nature. Many men bring a shadow into their office, which represses individuality and makes the atmosphere one of depression. We have all been interested in that creation of Dickens, Bob Cratchitt, the clerk of Scrooge & Marley — Bob, who slunk away to his desk when Scrooge was near, but who, when released from business, was a boy in his family. Mr. Pratt was no Scrooge. Hence he made no Bob Cratchitts, unless he himself represented one side of Bob Cratchitt — the boy in his own household.

He brought to business a wonderful simplicity of character. That other creation of fiction, Jekyll and Hyde, found no counterpart in him. His religion was a part of his business, and his business a part of his

religion. But he never posed as a model. He believed in the sovereignty of God and the majesty of his law, and his amenability to it, and endeavored to govern his conduct by it.

He brought to business a hatred of waste. He disliked waste of every kind. He was not willing that the smallest material should be lost. He did not believe in letting time go to waste. He was punctual at his engagements, or gave good excuse for his tardiness. Speaking of an evening spent in congratulations, he said that it was time lost ; it would have been better spent in reviewing mistakes, that they might be corrected. It is said that a youth who had hurried into business applied to Mr. Pratt for advice as to whether he should go West. He questioned

the young man as to how he occupied his time — what he did before business hours, and what after; what he was reading or doing to improve his mind. Finding that the young man was taking no pains to educate himself, he said emphatically, “No, don’t go West. They don’t want you.”

He brought to business an inquiring turn of mind. He did not simply ride upon a wave of fortune, but, beginning in a humble way, he asked for the reasons of things. He wanted to know why certain things were not done, as well as why certain things were done. One who knew him in his early days says, “He kept things stirred up.”

He brought to business a pride of reputation. He did not purposely allow anything with his name on it to be other than as

guaranteed. He meant that the stamp "Pratt" should be like the stamp of the mint—an assurance of quality and quantity. He felt a just pride when the Rev. Dr. Buckley told him that he had found that the Russian Convent on Mount Tabor was lighted with Pratt's astral oil. Replying, he said that, as we had received spiritual things from the East, we must repay them with temporal things; and doubtless only his modesty kept him from adding that they receive the best when they have that which is branded "Pratt."

He brought to business some apparent disqualifications. He did not readily make up his mind to a course of action. He would seem to hesitate, to be undecided, to vacillate. But when his word was passed, it was

his bond. When even, however, he had well considered a subject, and had himself a definite idea of what he wanted to accomplish, he did not always make himself clear in words to others. His thought was deeper than his speech. He seemed in a peculiar way to illustrate the ancient proverb, "In all labor there is profit, but the talk of the lips tendeth only to penury."

But Mr. Pratt was not unconscious of his failings. He courted criticism, and, when fairly given, it never offended him. Some years ago, when remonstrated with because of apparent vacillation, he called for a hammer and nail, and drove the nail half-way into his desk. When asked for the reason, he said, "That will be a reminder of the purpose to overcome that failing." And

there it remained, to be seen and felt as the days went on.

But there is a larger man to be seen than can be described by such details. These are but accessories which may help or hinder the man of business in his daily work. It was an interesting coincidence that, on inquiring of several business friends as to the elements of Mr. Pratt's success, they agreed that there were two which largely predominated. The first of these was called by one "intuition" — better, perhaps, "faith." He had faith in God, in himself, in his fellows. He was unsuspecting, optimistic. He had a vision of great things as attainable. It was the faith that removes mountains, that bridges chasms. He believed that there was work for him to do, and he went



at it. Some things which others doubted seemed to him practicable. The results justified his faith.

This suggests the second element—"perseverance." His faith was of the Columbus order, that sees a continent and embarks to find it. He was not easily turned aside when he saw the end. His was not an adventure for conquest; it was for liberation. Facilities were put in his way, and he seized upon them to project magnificent enterprises for the uplifting of men.

Thus we see what Mr. Pratt brought to business. Let us ask what business brought to him.

First, an enlarged field of observation, and observation to him was capital—not in the limited sense of acquisition, but in

the broad sense of intelligent utilization of facilities. When he read, it was to enlarge his working capacity. When he traveled, it was to add to the store of knowledge which would aid him in the task he had set himself to do. He delighted in a comprehensive view of commerce which rami-fies into all countries and gives opportunity for the employment of large resources.

Business brought to him an enlarged field of activity. Busy he always would have been, but the activities of a large and varied business quickened his perception, educated his judgment, and opened up opportunities for the employment of his talents. Business became for him the tools by which he wrought for others. Simple in his own tastes and habits, he was not ostentatious

in his surroundings, but kept constantly in mind how all that was about him might work into a harmonious whole for the good of his family and the community at large.

Business became to him the platform to which he lifted others. His hand was always extended to help in every way those who sought to help themselves.

Business became to him the monitor of his stewardship. As wealth increased, instead of seeking indolent retirement, he sought more and more the avenues of activity, that these might become the channels of his usefulness.

Business became to him the mount of vision, from which he contemplated, with almost prophetic ken, the final subjugation of all material things to order and use ; and,

enjoying this vision, he labored for its realization. And right royally did he work. No talent was buried, no time was wasted, no opportunity lost. At the end of a day of toil he dropped at his post, and ceased at once to labor and to live.

This is but a meager outline of what he gave to business and what business furnished him. The concrete answers the questions of the abstract. We see how an equipment of modest talents, well employed, will enable a man of faith and perseverance to make his business his servant, to do his behest with noble work. When, as the years pass by, the character and work of Charles Pratt shall stand out in bolder relief, and a truer perspective can be obtained of his relation to his times, it will be seen that he planned

nobly, worked bravely, achieved grandly;  
and it will be said of him that he, like the  
patriarch of old, “after he had served his  
own generation by the will of God, fell on  
sleep.”

## THE FRIEND OF EDUCATION.

(By James MacAlister, LL. D.,  
President Drexel Institute, Philadelphia.)

It is not often that the character and services of a citizen call for so broad a treatment as the program on this occasion provides. Charles Pratt was one of the most modest and unassuming of men; but to say that he was the friend of education, an able man of business, a generous philanthropist, a catholic churchman and a true Christian, is not to exhaust those qualities of mind and heart which were so richly developed in his character, and so fully realized in his life. My

impression is that he would not have liked to be characterized by all of these attributes; and perhaps there may be some loss in the general impression which the simplicity and unity of his nature were calculated to make upon others, in having them presented separately. He was all of these things at once. His deep interest in education sprung from the whole experience of his life as a merchant. A lover of his fellow-men and a follower of Christ, his interest and activities went out in all these directions. But the motive power at the center was a strong, enlightened, humane manhood. It seems, therefore, like distorting the singleness of view in which he appears to me, to emphasize the great work which Mr. Pratt did for education. At the same time, I do not think

it possible to exaggerate the magnitude of this work.

His scholastic opportunities in early life had been limited, but his native intellectual force, and the culture which comes from the contact of an open, active mind with men and the world, had so strengthened and widened his intellectual sympathies that he grew into a realizing sense of the vast importance of education to the individual and to society. As he withdrew from the pressure of business affairs, he turned a portion of his energy in this direction, and found pleasure and satisfaction in the wide field for benevolence and usefulness which it opened to him. The surprising thing about his activity in a domain so foreign to his past experience was the large view which he took of the scope



and purpose of education. He believed in the higher learning, as well as in the more practical forms which it is now assuming. While he saw more clearly than the professional educators themselves how much systematic training can do for the mechanic, he felt, I am sure, how greatly the fair humanities have helped to ennoble and beautify our common life. He was the friend of the college and the university, as well as of the trades-school. He showed his appreciation of what the Adelphi Academy is doing for Brooklyn by his noble benefactions to that institution. He gave liberally to Amherst College and to the University of Rochester. While he had never sat in college halls himself, he paid tribute to their value by opening their doors to his children and by giving of

his riches to make them more effective in maintaining higher ideals of life than all the wealth of the world could, of itself, create.

This appreciation and munificence might well entitle Charles Pratt to be called the friend of education. But to my mind we are justified in bestowing this title upon him by even higher considerations than these. It is as the founder of an institution devoted to the *new* education that his name has been honored alike in our own country and beyond the seas ; and the Pratt Institute will remain a more enduring monument to his worth and work than any memorial of marble or bronze which affection or gratitude may dedicate to his fame. It is the incontestable merit of Mr. Pratt that he gave an organized form to the various

ideas and experiments that were afloat concerning the necessity of adjusting the methods of education to the new conditions which recent economic and social progress had brought about in the life of the people. A hundred years ago, a poor Swiss schoolmaster proclaimed a higher ideal of the school than the world had ever known. He insisted that education consists in the harmonious development of all the powers and faculties of a human being, and that the happiness, the prosperity, the power, of a nation depend upon the extent to which this principle is realized in its individual members. But the official councils and boards had resisted, as is always the case, the theories of this reformer, and the schools continued to be

controlled by traditions and rules that had long spent their force and were out of joint with the intellectual, the moral, and the industrial needs of the age. The spirit of Pestalozzi found its way by various avenues into the practical mind of Charles Pratt, who was holding his wealth in stewardship for some great cause; and he was led to feel the incompleteness of the education which stood intrenched behind the power of the State and the conservatism of the pedagogues. With that directness of purpose which was so marked a trait of his nature, he set about establishing a school where the whole man should be unfolded and cultivated, where education in its entirety should find the home and the sanction of which it stood so sorely in need. He commenced

cautiously, and made haste slowly. He availed himself of the knowledge and advice of educationists who had studied the problems involved; but the Institute as it stands to-day is largely the product of his own judgment and management. This was certainly an achievement of no mean order for a layman who had no training in educational work. As I have already remarked, the great distinction which attaches to it is that he was able to perceive the reconstruction demanded in our education by the progress of knowledge and the social needs of the present time. Science had found its way into the higher schools, and technical colleges had been created to train the men needed to control the vast interests growing out of the applications of science to

the arts of life. But the elementary, and to some extent the secondary, education remained untouched by those movements. Meanwhile, labor had become a great social power in every civilized community, and it was plain to thinking minds that the only way to organize and direct this power was by bringing it under the influence of education. What the scholastic authorities, with here and there an exception, could not see was quite clear to the keen intelligence of this merchant. He presented the rare spectacle of a rich man in strong sympathy with the industrial revolution that was progressing around him. His ardent desire was to recognize labor, to improve it, to elevate it; and his own experience taught him that the best way to do this was to put

education into the handiwork of the laborer. And so the Pratt Institute, with its courses in arts, sciences, industries, and trades, was created by the efforts of a man who was neither scholar nor schoolmaster, but who was bold enough to found a school in which culture and labor should be united, in which art and industry and life should be harmonized. To this end he dedicated the last years of his life, giving of his wealth, his time, his strength, without stint.

How great a work this was, need not be told to this audience. Ah! if he could have lived but a few more years to complete the plan in all its fullness, to have enjoyed the just rewards of his labors in the approval of his fellow-men — would I not better say, in the unselfish satisfaction of doing good!

But it is a noble institution as he left it, and we may be sure that his family will not fail to honor his memory in carrying out his wishes to their complete realization. What a legacy for a father to leave to his children !

I am not unmindful of the other phases and acts of Mr. Pratt's fruitful life that will be described here to-day ; but do I err in believing that the Institute is the crowning work of his career ? He put into it his ripe experience, his beneficence, his aspiration, all that his life meant to himself and to the world. May it long stand, a fitting memorial of the wisdom and goodness of a life honored and loved among men !

It is forbidden to me to speak at this time of Mr. Pratt in his personal relations to myself ; but may I venture to say a single



word? I knew him not only as the friend of education, but within a few years I had come to love and respect him for other reasons. I shall miss him in my work as a teacher. Only those who enjoyed his confidence in connection with his educational enterprises can know how inspiring was the influence of his thought and enthusiasm. But far above all professional considerations I mourn his loss as a friend. I have known the exceeding kindness of his heart, I have felt the tenderness of his sympathy. For a moment I forget the great audience to which I am speaking, and across the grave I send him my loving greeting — Hail, and Farewell !

## THE PHILANTHROPIC CITIZEN.

(By the Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D., Brooklyn.)

It is a good thing to be famous, provided that the fame has been honestly won. It is a good thing to be rich, when the image and superscription of God is recognized on every coin. But the sweetest thing in the world is to be *loved*. The tears that were shed over the coffin of Charles Pratt welled up out of loving hearts. There was no hypocrisy at that funeral. I count his death to have been the sorest bereavement Brooklyn has ever suffered: for he was yet in his

vigorous prime, with large plans and possibilities yet to be accomplished. That plow was broken in the furrow when there were broad acres of benevolence yet to be tilled, and a rich harvest of public benefits yet to be reaped.

Charles Pratt belonged to the only true nobility in America — the men who do not inherit a great name, but make one for themselves. Of this nobility, the highest and most illustrious type is Abraham Lincoln. All this class of vertebrated men were cradled on the rocks. They made with their own hands the ladder by which they climbed up to eminence and command.

Our friend's earliest ambition was to earn an honest living and acquire money. He did acquire it, in vast quantities. But the

money never owned him. When his wealth accumulated, he did n't lock it up in an iron safe. He put it in his big, warm, generous, heart, and then gave his Lord and Master the key.

One evening, about two years ago, he sent for me to come up to his house to consult him on some important matter connected with the management of his Institute. I was struck with the shrewdness and sagacity of his conversation. He kindly accompanied me home, and when we reached the gate he said to me, with great solemnity, "The greatest humbug in this world is the idea that the mere possession of money can make any man happy. I never got any satisfaction out of mine until I began to do good with it." That sentence I have quoted

before tens of thousands of my young American countrymen.

In the Oriental lands they build reservoirs, whose waters are conducted into gardens and green fields. At the cool touch of the waters the wilted vines lift their heads, and the fig-trees smile, and the barley grounds laugh with the joy of harvest. Charles Pratt's generous heart was a great distributing reservoir. Its outlet was as large as its inlet. It rolled down its golden sands in manifold directions. One affluent stream flowed, many years ago, toward yonder Adelphi Academy. It watered the roots of an institution under whose broad boughs a thousand pupils sit down every day and find the fruit sweet to their taste. Another generous stream flowed into the treasury of

this church, and mingled with other gifts from you, his fellow-members. The money turned into solid stone, brick, and cunningly carved woods. It is not too much to say that but for Charles Pratt this beautiful temple of the living God would not have been here to-day. By these walls he, being dead, yet speaketh — speaks of the glory of God's work, speaks of the preciousness of a Christian hope, speaks of the power of the Gospel of Christ to lift fallen humanity and lay it on the bosom of God.

Having tasted of the luxury of doing good, our friend conceived that colossal enterprise with which his name is linked, and will be to all coming time. He saw around him here hundreds and hundreds of young men and maidens struggling hard, just as

he had struggled, to gain a foothold of honest self-support. He was wise enough to know that the bread of charity, given to the indolent, is poison. So he determined to help these Brooklyn boys and girls to help themselves. Forthwith the magic wand touched the earth, and Pratt Institute arose, complete from foundation to topmost stone, with its free libraries, its spacious reading-rooms, its varied schools of useful arts, its humming, whirling wheels of machinery. There is not a poor boy that goes into that reading-room hungry for knowledge, there is not a poor girl that equips herself there for the hard battle of life, but blesses the name of Charles Pratt.

Nearly two years ago I took to that institution a distinguished member of the

British House of Lords — the man who has lately carried through Parliament a bill to protect helpless children from cruel and drunken parents. After examining the institution, the Earl of Meath said to me: “Of all the good things I have seen in America, there is none that I would so like to carry back to London as this splendid establishment.” And I may add, there is no institution on Brooklyn soil for which Brooklyn’s citizens are so thankful and of which they are so proud. Verily has God’s word declared, “There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth: there is that withholdeth, and it tendeth to poverty.” Here, within sight of each other, stand Charles Pratt’s three monuments — a great academy, a great institute of useful arts, a beautiful temple of the living God.



Are these all the streams that flowed out of that reservoir of philanthropy? No, no. There was one stream that flowed into foreign lands for the support of Christian missions; and there was another stream that watered infant Baptist church institutions in this city; and there were innumerable little rills of benevolence that trickled into the homes of the needy and the hearts of the straitened and the suffering. I never loved Charles Pratt more than when he was dealing with the needs of a bright orphan girl, whose case appealed strongly to his sympathies. After inquiring carefully into it, he said to me: "We must be careful, when trying to aid this young lady, not to cripple her energies or lower her sense of independence." Would that every philanthropist were as wise as he! The so-called

benevolence that is too lazy to investigate, and too careless to discriminate, which rewards improvidence and vice, and hampers the energy of those whom it pretends to aid — such benevolence may steal the name of charity, but it is a counterfeit and it is a curse.

Now, good friends and neighbors, the great, warm, generous heart, the fount-head of so much kindness, has ceased to throb. The sweetness and the sunshine of that cheerful face have vanished, and the very atmosphere seems colder now that he is gone from us. The last time his hand ever touched paper was to sign a generous check for the benefit of our Brooklyn Bureau of Charities. Almost the last words that he ever wrote was this characteristic sentence :

“ I feel that life is so short that I am not satisfied unless I do, each day, the best I can.” In that sentence he unconsciously wrote his own epitaph. While we are all here weeping, he is up among the crowned conquerors in glory. His place in the Father’s house is the place of the faithful steward who used his millions for the service of his Master and his fellow-men the best he could. Beside him, in a place as lofty as his, sits a certain poor widow, who cast in two mites — the best she had. Noble as were the gifts he bestowed, the noblest gift of all was his own splendid example. Brooklyn will enshrine his memory as the princieliest of her philanthropists. With the same reverent affection with which London honors the names of George Peabody and Lord

Shaftesbury, with which New-York honors the names of Peter Cooper and Charles L. Brace and William E. Dodge, our city will revere the beloved name of Charles Pratt. He built his own monument. All we can give him now is what he would care most to have, and that is, our deep, undying, unquenchable love.

## HYMN.

O Love Divine! that stooped to share  
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,  
On thee we cast each earth-born care,  
We smile at pain while thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,  
And sorrow crown each lingering year,  
No path we shun, no darkness dread,  
Our hearts still whispering, thou art near.

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,  
And trembling faith is changed to fear,  
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,  
Shall softly tell us thou art near.

On thee we fling our burdening woe,  
O Love Divine, forever dear ;  
Content to suffer while we know,  
Living or dying, thou art near.

## THE CATHOLIC CHURCHMAN.

(By the Rev. Edward Braislin, D. D.,  
Washington Avenue Baptist Church.)

I have been asked to say a few words concerning Mr. Pratt as the Catholic Churchman. What he was in the life of this church, of which he was a member, has had already most fitting public expression in the utterances of his honored pastor. But if I am to think of him ecclesiastically, I must think of him here. The unfailing affection of his brethren through the ten years of their struggle and sacrifice, and the crowning honors spontaneously showered upon him

to-day, all attest his love and loyalty to this body of Christ's people. To know him as a churchman is to look upon him in this company. If we seek an explanation of their unusual sorrow and praise, we shall find it, I suspect, not in his great possessions, but in the texture and amplitude of his character as man and Christian.

For mere wealth is not congenial to the Christian consciousness. Unless a man has something other and something more than that, let him use it never so lavishly, he cannot draw to himself the nobler veneration and devotion of Christian men. It is rather in spite of than because of wealth that the manliest men love one another. Nothing, therefore, will account for what Mr. Pratt was as a churchman, except the



simple fact that he was a church-*man*. The emphasis is and must be upon his manhood, and that manhood as conscientiously devoted to an organization which he conceived of as far greater than himself, and whose aims and institutions he valued as emanating from the manhood of the Nazarene carpenter, the Church's Lord. Stripped of everything save himself, he was a potent factor in this church. Every detail of organized movement, every humblest personality, had the loving touch of his thought and his time and his individual interest. His church home was here; and just because it was to him an actual home, he found it a very throne of influence and power. The last time I saw Mr. Pratt he stood in the center of the church, of which for ten

years he had been a vital part — stood so modestly, so unassumingly, that, although it was the tenth anniversary of the organization of the body, you would not have known that he was other than an inconspicuous member. But he was prominent in everybody's thought, and he was loved intensely in that company of people.

And it was according to the laws of association that, being in this humble and high sense a churchman, he was a catholic churchman. This church and her Lord were much to him, and therefore other churches of the same Lord were or might be much to other men. That this should be so, that he might help to make it so, was an abiding incentive and inspiration in his life, and the ways in which he expressed his catholic sentiment

were characteristic. Many men of his absorbing cares would have contented themselves with donations. Not so he. First of all, he must furnish the world with an illustration. He must, for the sake of catholic Christendom, make profoundly Christian, so far as in him lay, the church to which his membership pledged him.

This thought of an example to others never left him, if I understand him—never left him in any work to which he set his hand. His educational and industrial enterprises were always means to an end beyond themselves. We talk about monuments to his memory. It may be questioned whether Mr. Pratt ever asked for or cared for a monument. What he wanted to accomplish with his life was to make an ex-

ample, an illustration. He would have us read in that which he left in the earth behind him, not himself, but the *thought* there embodied. He hoped there might be something of the nature of a germ in what he did—something the beauty and success of which should attract the attention of similarly faithful and devoted workmen, and multiply itself according to the principle of the harvest. He probably never attempted any reform or advance in any direction, never counseled or empowered any organization or individual, without first considering the effect upon others of a universal adoption of the principle or method he was pursuing in that particular counsel or authorization. There was in him an instinct of tendency. This is why he spent

so much time in the study of what he proposed to do, and so carefully adjusted means to ends in the accomplishment of it. Accordingly, he desired to secure for his own church what is most beautiful and attractive in architecture and service, what is most upright and loving in character and brotherhood, what is most approved and aggressive in methods of work. However he may have succeeded or failed in this, this was, I believe, the underlying motive in what he did for this church. He would bless Christendom with an example. See to it, brethren of this church, that in this respect he shall still live.

But he touched immediately other churches. Believing that he had received his pattern in the mount, he counseled its

reduplication, taking pains personally to explain his views to those who had new enterprises in charge ; and he will be remembered personally by those with whom he has conversed concerning their work, for the breadth and generosity of his suggestions, and for his munificence in assisting in their realization.

His interest crossed denominational lines. He was a Christian humanitarian. Creeds interested him less than consequences. He questioned motives and practical ends, rather than ecclesiastical names and politics. His theological system put its emphasis in the department of anthropology and soteriology. One of the latest acts of his life was to visit and study the nature and environment of a church enterprise not of his own denomina-

tion in this city, and then to surprise the pastor in charge with a generous contribution of money. So marked was his personal attention, so scrutinizing his personal interest, that the recipient valued the letter accompanying the gift more than the gift itself, and so assured him.

His catholicity was ethical and industrial. Opinion, for opinion's sake, had little interest for him; but he would spend hours in the discussion of principles and methods — principles and methods looking toward the improvement of the body side of Christianity. What is called current religious discussion impressed him and interested him only when it entered into the blood and the bone of an actual incarnate theology. A very insufficient illustration — but none

the less I speak of it, simply because it came under my own observation—occurred one afternoon, when, in conversation with a company of gentlemen who were personal friends, he showed a somewhat languid, albeit courteous, interest in the subject under consideration—a subject touching religious opinion—until some one of the gentlemen mentioned the name of a charitable institution which was new to Mr. Pratt. He brightened, asked that that name might be repeated, and then turned the conversation for the balance of that half hour into an inquiry as to the practical working of the institution until he had exhausted the information of the gentlemen about him. When asked to coöperate in any movement inside or outside



his own denomination, his first inquiry was addressed, not to the sectarian designation of those appealing for his sympathy, but to the intelligence, the enterprise, and the spirit of the movement itself, and the aims it had in view. In fact, all that he did, in his many attempts to ease some of the burden which presses upon men, stands witness to the catholicity of his Christianity. To him, philanthropy and Christianity were interchangeable terms; and I suspect that in the preparation of this service and the selection of topics for the speakers, it is not an accident that no one is asked to speak of Mr. Pratt as the Christian Philanthropist, for the reason that philanthropy, as he conceived it, was a word so ample as to cover the whole of life

and energy. His contribution to catholic Christianity will be more clearly seen as time justifies his methods of Christian philanthropy. He will remain potent wherever the Church of the future shall succeed in doing that most delicate and difficult part of her great commission—the awakening and developing of a manhood which shall be at once reliant and self-reliant—strong because dependent, holy because helpful, saving men to themselves, to society, and to God. Thank God that we can say, as we assemble here in his memory and honor to-day, that the best of him has yet to be seen, just as the best of the seed is yet to be seen after it is put by the farmer into the soil. The blades of the wheat of this man's life are but beginning to grow. And

he will be a practical fruit-bearing force in the lives of men until the ultimate harvest shall reveal his full worth to the Perfected Church, the Redeemed Humanity.

## THE CHRISTIAN MAN.

(By the Rev. John Humpstone, D. D., Emmanuel  
Baptist Church.)

Our service began this afternoon with the worship of God. So let it end. It would be his wish, if he were visibly here, that so it should end. The ascription we have already sung, I venture now to repeat: “Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end.”

We glorify this day not Charles Pratt, but God in him. If you had asked, while he was here, for the secret of his life, he

would have replied, I know, "By the grace of God I am what I am. I do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me." While he lived he was an open witness for Jesus Christ, his Saviour and his Lord. His integrity as a man of business, his desire that the young should be taught to make the most of themselves, the philanthropic purposes which chiefly distinguished him as a citizen of this goodly city, his catholicity as a member of the Church of Christ, all had their source in the spiritual world. Each found its motive there.

You will understand that I am speaking now of what I know to have been the fact in his case. I do not say that all integrity, humanity, philanthropy, and largeness of heart of men are consciously derived from

spiritual sources. To say that would be to say what is not true. There are men who seem not to care for the invisible, through whom the invisible none the less is manifested. But what I do say is this: In Charles Pratt's case it was true, of his own set purpose, that he had fellowship with God and with his Son Jesus Christ. He was a Christian man. You cannot account for him, for what he was, for what he did, without this fact. It is the key to his life. It is the clue to his character.

He was a man of faith. In that large and general sense in which faith is the apprehension of the unseen, this is true. His nature was open Godward. It was open outward. He knew there were realities he could not see; helps for which there was no

earthly standard of measurement, no rational terms of explanation. He was therefore a man of prayer. That old-fashioned habit of secret, daily, lonely prayer he kept to the end of his life. The altar of family prayer was central in his home. Until within a short period of his death he was a regular attendant upon the prayer-meeting of the church, and a public participant in its devotions. Full his days were ; but they were days of prayer, and never so full that it did not have a large place in them. He told his pastor recently that one of his chief reasons for the purchase of his country estate was his desire to be alone with God in a way not possible amid the cares and calls of his city life. God was to him a Father to whom in trouble, or

in perplexity, he took his burden, and found relief.

He was also a man of faith in another and a more specialized sense. His dependence was upon Jesus Christ for salvation. He was very little of a theologian. His Christianity was of a very practical type. He believed thoroughly in a good life as the only proof of faith; in character as manifested salvation. Nevertheless, he knew his own imperfection, and was conscious of his need of one in whom he could confide as his Redeemer. He rested thus in Jesus Christ. Living in an age of doubt, and to a degree in a period of changing doctrinal opinion, he was himself very little affected by such tendencies. His own experience sufficed to hold him to a simple



faith. Out of it grew an intense conviction of realities which constituted for him a kingdom that cannot be shaken. God's word was for him in such sense God's word as led him to make it the guide of his daily life. It shaped his conduct, it rebuked his sins, it revealed his Saviour, and made known to him the way of life. It was a light unto his feet, and a lamp unto his path.

A man of faith, it was natural also that he should be a faithful man. Fidelity in little things, as in large, was characteristic of him. His religious life was according to rule. Method and regularity were marked features of his obedience. He was rarely out of his place in the worship of God's House. Oh, how he who stands in this place

week by week, to unfold the word of God, will miss that intent and interested face from yonder pew-end, morning and night! His gifts to the church were ordered according to the same principle—so bestowed as to teach others the value of both regularity and liberality. If ever man was faithful unto death, it was he.

And this life, so full of faith, was full of hope. He was a bright and cheerful Christian. He rarely desponded. He happened to have in later years for his pastor one who is now and then in the dumps. He was a never-failing source of good cheer to me. His hope was an anchor to the soul, sure and steadfast, and entered into that which is within the veil. Some letters of his I have, which came to me in despond-

ing hours this last winter, which gold cannot buy, now that he is gone. They are letters luminous with hope, radiant with sunshine. They were full of light and help when they came to me out of his busy life. I think he never despaired of the progress of the race. He never doubted the certainty of his Master's triumph. He believed that the victory of truth was assured.

But *love* was the crowning excellence of his life. Faith, hope, love; these three; and in him, as in fact, the greatest of these was love. The thirteenth chapter of the first letter to the Corinthians was read at his funeral. No Scripture would have been so appropriate. His kindness, his humility, his liberality, his constant thought for others, his readiness to spend himself in their be-

half—these were the flowering of the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Spirit.

In one particular this love had large illustration in his conduct. He was a forgiving man. A friend told me recently that he was in his company when some one made upon him, openly, a bitter personal attack. The future revealed that the charge was entirely unmerited, and the man who made it lived to regret his act; but the moment revealed the greatness of our dead friend's love. He said no word; only a face pale with pain revealed how determined was his effort at self-control, and how keen was his suffering. When his accuser turned to go, he bade him good morning as though he had left a blessing and not a bane behind him.

As I recall the past at this moment, I think of no word he ever spoke in my hearing that was proof of an unloving spirit in him.

What then? As I said in the beginning, I say again, we glorify God in him. He has taught us lessons that will live with us as long as we live; and not the least of them is this: to praise and serve God in that pathway whose gate is faith, whose light is hope, whose only and royal law is love. Let us follow him, as he followed Christ.

. . . . .

Before we rise to sing of that triumph which awaits us with all who have gained the victory through Christ, may I be permitted to say that many letters have been

received, expressing the condolence of those who wrote them with the family and with this church, and regret for the absence of the writers, necessarily, from this service. Such letters have come to us from his Honor Mayor Chapin; from the Hon. Abram S. Hewitt; Mr. St. Clair McKelway, of the "Brooklyn Daily Eagle"; Dr. William Hayes Ward, of the "Independent"; Dr. Lyman Abbott, of the "Christian Union"; Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage, of the Brooklyn Tabernacle; Dr. A. B. Kendig, of the Han-son Place Methodist Church; Dr. Thomas Armitage, of Yonkers; Dr. J. Wheaton Smith, of Philadelphia; Dr. Samuel McBride, of the Centennial Baptist Church of Brooklyn; Professor W. R. Harper, of New Haven; Dr. Hiram Hutchins, Pastor

Emeritus of the Bedford Avenue Baptist Church.

To these friends, and to all who are here, I return the thanks of the family comforted by your sympathy, and of this church, which is honored by your attentions. May the blessing of God, in the spirit of this life, abide upon us all.

## HYMN.

Ten thousand times ten thousand,  
In sparkling raiment bright,  
The armies of the ransomed saints  
Throng up the steeps of light.  
'Tis finished, all is finished,  
Their fight with death and sin:  
Fling open wide the golden gates,  
And let the victors in.

What rush of hallelujahs  
Fills all the earth and sky!  
What ringing of a thousand harps  
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!



Oh, day, for which creation  
And all its tribes were made!  
Oh, joy, for all its former woes  
A thousandfold repaid!

Oh, then what raptured greetings  
On Canaan's happy shore,  
What knitting severed friendships up,  
Where partings are no more!  
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,  
That brimmed with tears of late,  
Orphans no longer fatherless,  
Nor widows desolate.

## BENEDICTION.

(By the Rev. D. C. Eddy, D. D., Moderator Long Island  
Baptist Association.)

And now may the grace of our Lord  
Jesus Christ, the love of God the Father,  
and the communion of the Holy Ghost be  
with you all, forever. Amen.











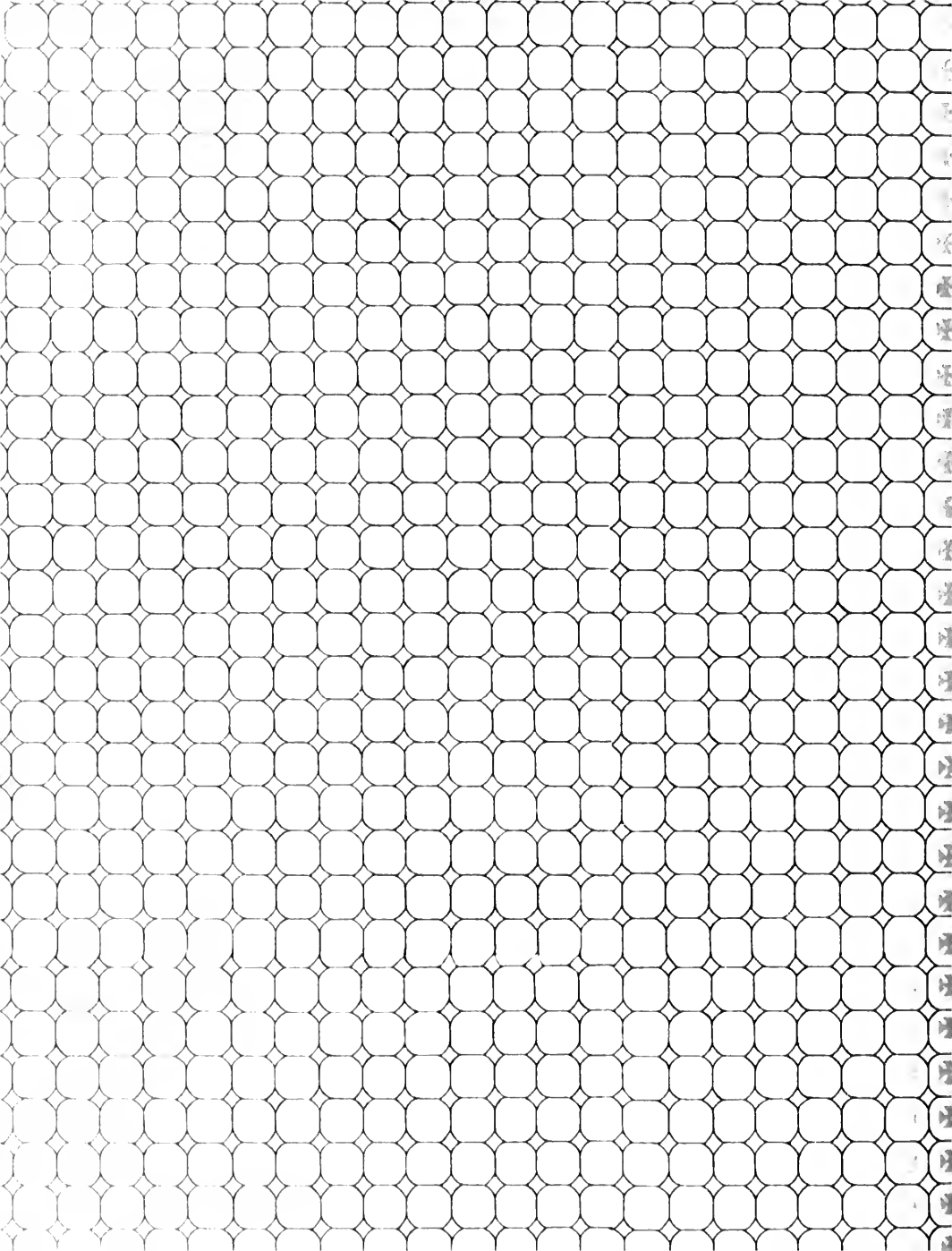


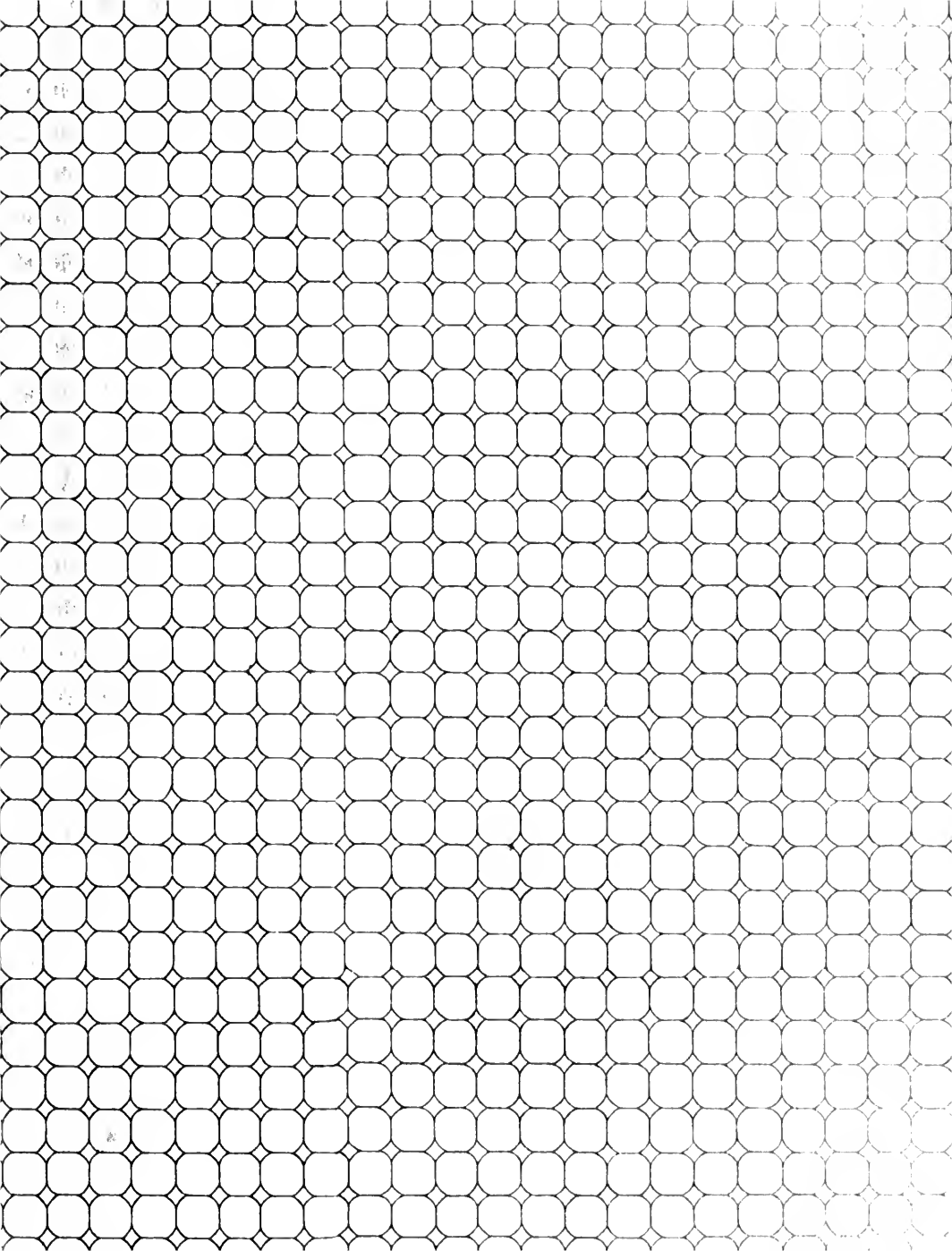












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